

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME V.

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NUMBER 2

EDITORIAL

SPRINGFIELD SUN, ROGERS GORE, EDITOR

"WIDE TO HIM THAT BUILDETH A TOWN WITH LOGS, AND STABILIZETH A CITY BY INQUIRY."

"THE WHEREWITH."

In the recent election in Kentucky Mr. Bryan received 244,092 votes; Mr. Taft received 235,711. Mr. Bryan's gain over Parker is 26,922, and Mr. Taft's over Roosevelt is 30,434. In 1900 Mr. Bryan received, in Kentucky, 234,899 votes and Mr. McKinley received 226,801. It will be seen that Mr. Bryan received 9,193 votes more at the recent election than he received in 1900, and Mr. Taft received 8,910 more than McKinley.

The heavy vote of this year is astonishing. There were many people who believed that interest in the election was lagging, and there were some predictions that a light vote would be polled. Congressman Ben Johnson, as Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee, had the most compact organization ever effected in Kentucky. His organization was made by hard work. He was wide-awake—from early morning until midnight. He gave every detail of the campaign his personal attention, and the victory he won—in many respects the greatest ever won in Kentucky—was due to his most excellent methods of organization. He had no money; the wolf howled at the door of Democratic headquarters, and it was ever a prayer of "Give up this day our daily bread," while our friends, the enemy, doing business at the Galt House, had barrels and rolls of the "wherewith," receiving in one batch from their National headquarters, \$100,000, to be used for—"legitimate expenses."

Besides this magnificent gift, which originally came from the jeans of Andy Carnegie, Jno. Rockefeller and others of the Big American Gluttonous Aggregation, Republican State Headquarters "requested" contributions from Republican postmasters and stillhouse watches—and the way the coin rolled in was a sin and a shame. The "fellows in charge" even accented the street-cleaners of Louisville, and the hill-billies of the mountains, for any amount, from a coked copper to a sumptuous sum of docile dollars. "The Captains of Industry," doing biz at Headquarters, flourished the big stick and looked as vicious as frothing bulls. They commanded the gentlemen, who are digging their gizards out in the employ of our Uncle Sam, to "cough up," and the old socks "gave up the ghost." Dimes and dollars, being "misersized" to spend with Santa Claus, rolled out of the "generous jeans" by the bushel full.

Two coin of the realm hits the boys in the trenches in the right spot, and makes the Republican log cabin look like King Solomon's Temple.

The Eleventh District increased Mr. Taft's vote over the Roosevelt vote of 1904, 6,776. How they do vote in the Eleven! Bel county with a population of 15,701 cast 3,740 votes—2,815 for Taft and 925 for Bryan, while Marion county with a population of 16,290, cast 3,434—2,093 for Bryan and 1,321 for Taft. Marion county with a population 589 larger than Bell county cast a smaller vote by 328. This year Whitley county gives Taft 849 more votes than it gave Roosevelt, while Bell county increases its vote 1,051 for Taft over the Roosevelt vote. Coming to the good, old county of Washington we find that the Republican increase over 1904 is 67.

It's mighty hard for a fellow to HOPE when he's suffering with the to-thac-e.

It is worse than cruel to forget the children on Christmas Eve. Remember them with an abundance of good things, even if in so doing you must deny yourself some of the things you think are among "life's necessities."

THE DOWNFALL OF A MISSIONARY

Nine out of every ten of the ordinarily intelligent Republicans in Kentucky are missionaries. They have their instructions from headquarters—they have their "creeds" and pamphlets and arid argumentations prepared by a Muddling Moses of a Rigorous Republicanism, and each is commanded to go forth and preach to audiences of one Democrat.

The story goes: Find a Democrat whose will power is weak—whose intelligence is known to be of a rather low order, and whose prejudices are easily played upon, and then proceed to pour into his ears the vocal volleys prepared by the political pedagogues. The missionaries are advised to button-hole Democrats and tell them all sorts of stunning stories about the shortcomings of Democracy. There must be no letting up. From one election to another the tittering tattlers must continue to shake the bushes and rattle the brush; they are commanded to catch a Democratic rabbit, and train it to hop along by the side of a Republican coon—in the light of mutual love and affection.

These missionaries are the best trained fellows you ever saw. The educated pigs in the circus are no wiser than they. Practice has made them perfect. They occasionally go into headquarters to take new lessons in "facial expression," in "articulation," in the "delicate touch," and in the "magical movement of the paw." But the speech, they know it by heart, liver and other luminae of the inner man.

They are as polite as war-time niggers and as affectionate as a bird dog. They approach their "subjects" with a beautiful jerk of the head—a magnificent bow, as it were—a smacking smile and a honey-cooler handshake, all of which is topped off with a titter as wild and hilarious as the racket of an April day bird. But they ain't bad fellows—they ain't bad at heart; they have had it mailed into 'em and, eruptions necessarily follow. And they are infinitely smarter than the dampfoot who listens and believes.

This story was recently related to us: Down in Western Kentucky, a short time before the November election, one of these missionaries—a "ato-keep-ah gaughah"—loaded up to the muzzle with mush and muddle, approached a big, double-fisted farmer, who had been heard to criticize Mr. Bryan. The little missionary, fresh from the stillhouse, where no doubt he had been sucking stuff through a straw—after properly arranging his smile and coughing the frogs loose from his vocal chords, in order that the articulation might be beautiful and unobstructed, blew this into the farmer's ears: "I understand that you will be with us this time; that you, like I, and others of the country's prominent and successful business men, are very apprehensive, lest the election of this man Bryan to the exalted position of President of this grand and glorious country would stagnate business and bring about chaotic conditions such as the world had never before seen. I am glad, indeed, to welcome you into our ranks." Then, with a sort of stage whisper, he added: "Next time I come up from the stillhouse I'll fetch you a quart."

"Let me see your face good," said the farmer. "How long have you been yellow and sallow? Your liver is bad, son; your digestion ain't good; your stomach ain't performing its functions properly. Maybe you've swallowed a copper cent and it's turned green in your bowels. But I knowed a boy once in your fix, and his trouble was from bad teeth. Open your mouth." The missionary obeyed. The farmer looked wisely, pressing the chin downward and pulling the lip upward. "There's the trouble," he said, "it's them two big front teeth. Just hold still and I'll cure you." And before you could say "seat," he had slapped the missionary terrifically in the mouth with the palm

of his horny hand.

"Bring two quarts," he said, "one for each extracted tush."

INGRATITUDE.

Gov. Willson has refused to call an extra session of the Legislature to consider the passage of a county unit bill. He doubtless decided that to do so would put him in a place where he would have to walk upon more broken glass. By the Governor's action we are again reminded that "past favors are soon forgot." Does he not recollect that the Anti-Saloon League sent a \$2.50 telegram to every county in Kentucky, beseeching the dear people to rally to his support? Certainly, the League expects something for that bit of perfidious work, but the Governor turns his back upon the boys, and denies to them the very small favor of assembling a Kentucky Legislature in extra session. Gratitude! blot itself from the pages of the Governor's dictionary, and hie thyself to the vocabularies of the devils.

BIRTHDAY DINNER.

A dinner, given in honor of the fifty-sixth anniversary of Mr. N. B. Royalty, of Cardwell, on Monday, Dec. 14, was attended by fifty friends and relatives, and was indeed one of the most pleasant events the people of that section have enjoyed in many a day.

The dinner was a surprise to Mr. Royalty, and not until the arrival of the hour for the feast did he learn of the nappy event. He was engaged most of the morning going over the farm, and upon his arrival at the house about noon was much surprised to find so many of his friends and relatives present. However, he was soon informed that they were there to celebrate his fifty-sixth anniversary, and to wish him many more years of life and happiness.

At about 1 o'clock the large dining room was thrown open and the guests filed in to partake of the sumptuous repast. The dinner was served in six courses, and we are informed by one who was present, that each course would have made two substantial meals. The table was beautifully decorated, the colors being pink and white. It is said that everything under the sun in the way of wholesome edibles was served to the guests. It was a happy crowd of people who loved and honored Mr. Royalty, and they made his heart glad when they showered upon him many God-speeds. The only thing that marred the happiness of those present was a vacant chair at the table in memory of Mrs. Margaret Bell Randall, a sister of Mr. Royalty, who died a short time ago.

Those who assisted Mrs. Royalty in preparing for the celebration were Mrs. Hendren and daughter, Mrs. Allen Royalty, and sister, Miss Rosa, Mrs. Arthur Graham and Mrs. L. M. Clark. Mr. Royalty received a number of handsome presents, which, no doubt, he will cherish the remainder of his days. The following were present: Thos. J. Royalty and daughter, Jamie J. T. Royalty and wife, W. F. Royalty and wife, Jas. I. Royalty and wife, L. M. Cunningham, Mrs. Mary J. Royalty, L. M. Clark, wife and children, Arthur L. Graham, wife and children, Allen Royalty, wife and children, T. D. Graham and wife, Ed Masters and wife, Jas. Kays and wife, L. C. Jenkins, wife and son, Lucy Milburn, Amanda Graham, Mrs. Simpson Hendren and daughter, Mrs. Dee Catlett, Mr. Chas. Hendren, of Missouri; Rosa Shewmaker, Willie B. Clyde, Myrtle and Lillie Wohner, Earl, son of S. D. Hale.

Entertainment.

On last Friday evening Miss Adeline Bersot, under the auspices of the U. D. C., gave her splendid reading, "Polly, of the Circus," Margaret Mayo's popular production. It was a real treat and places Miss Bersot second to none on the platform as public reader. The abandoned elopement was a decided hit. Miss Bersot was assisted by our attractive vocalists, Misses Mary Hayden and Anna J. Simms, who gave lovely illustrated song. Messrs. William Waters and Rody Perry with a duet added to the attractions of the evening. The moving pictures were much enjoyed.

TOBACCO SALES

On Last Saturday Well Attended.

GROWERS RECEIVE GOOD PRICE

The third of the tobacco sales on the local loose leaf market resulted in the sale of between 80,000 pounds and 98,000 pounds of burley tobacco at prices ranging from 10 to 22 cents per pound, and with an average of about 18 cents per pound. The highest price was realized by Ben Haydon, Jr., who sold 600 pounds of tobacco for 22 cents per pound, his entire crop averaging nearly 20 cents per pound.

The buyers who bid Saturday were as follows: T. D. Blackmore, representing the R. J. Reynolds Co., of Winston Salem, N. C.; J. A. Hutcheson, representing the R. A. Patterson Co., of Richmond, Va.; H. M. Moss, representing the Continental, and W. J. Stearns, buying for Independent Manufacturers.

Some of the best prices realized were:

BEN HAYDON, JR.
140 pounds @.....17c
790 pounds @.....22c
600 pounds @.....22c
565 pounds @.....20c
158 pounds @.....18c
145 pounds @.....16c

J. K. WALL
265 pounds @.....17c
405 pounds @.....18c
600 pounds @.....17c
325 pounds @.....21c
695 pounds @.....21c
370 pounds @.....21c
75 pounds @.....14c
490 pounds @.....21c
195 pounds @.....16c
255 pounds @.....16c
180 pounds @.....18c
155 pounds @.....17c
318 pounds @.....18c
175 pounds @.....17c
275 pounds @.....17c
75 pounds @.....17c

KENT SMITH
440 pounds @.....18c
780 pounds @.....16c
465 pounds @.....20c
615 pounds @.....19c
480 pounds @.....19c
715 pounds @.....20c

C. B. POPE
380 pounds @.....18c
140 pounds @.....10c
420 pounds @.....18c
615 pounds @.....19c
480 pounds @.....19c
385 pounds @.....21c
315 pounds @.....19c

SCOTT & CLARK
385 pounds @.....19c
490 pounds @.....19c
420 pounds @.....16c
505 pounds @.....15c
445 pounds @.....21c
485 pounds @.....21c
550 pounds @.....20c
510 pounds @.....19c

MRS. J. A. TONG

Good and Lovable Woman Passes to Her Reward.

After many months of suffering Mrs. J. A. Tong died at her home in this city last Friday morning, between 11 and 12 o'clock, of cancer of the breast. About fifteen months ago the cancer appeared, and although everything that medical skill could do to arrest the disease was done, the growth became larger and more malignant and for some time she and her family had known that there was no possible chance for her recovery.

Mrs. Tong was a consistent member of the Catholic church, and a devout Christian. She was happiest when engaged in her Master's cause, and her good, benevolent work here upon earth won for her a bright crown in the Kingdom of God. The deceased was born May 23, 1865, in Lincoln county, her maiden name being Lulu D. Jones. In November, 1885, she was married to Mr. J. A. Tong, when she moved to Springfield, where she had since resided. She is survived by her husband and five children, also by her mother, Mrs. Jennie Talbott, and four brothers and one sister. The four brothers are residents of other States, but the sister, Miss Mary Jones, resides here.

Funeral services were conducted Sunday morning by Rev. Father Hennessey, after which interment occurred in St. Dominic's cemetery. Many friends extended condolence to the bereaved family.

DARING

Exploration Being Planned By Several Harrodsburg Citizens.

Harrodsburg Herald: Messrs. W. H. Reed, William Riker, D. M. Hutton, Dr. Robert Rosser and others are organizing a party to explore the big cave on the Myers farm near Nevada, on New Year's day. This cave is said to be a most wonderful one and is situated on the top of a high hill and the opening to the cave is somewhat larger than a hoghead and is straight down, and evidently, if reports be true, extends through to China, for those who have tested it by pitching large rocks into it, say they have never heard one strike the bottom. Several years ago a venturesome fellow was let down some sixty feet with a rope and reported that there was an entrance or opening in the side of this shaft that leads into a mammoth cavern in which there were stalactites and stalagmites twenty feet long and that it was most wonderful to behold. So far as is known, he is the only man that was ever let down into this hole. The men who contemplate the exploration will take every precaution to prevent a mishap, and will plant a post in the ground above the cave to fasten a cable to and will then tie the ropes securely around their bodies, and will be lowered as far as the opening in the side mentioned. Mr. C. B. Nichols, who came in Saturday to get one of our handsome calendars, and who informed us of this wonderful hole in the ground, says that about the beginning of the Civil War he had a near relative to disappear and that it was always believed that he either accidentally fell into this hole or was murdered and pitched into it.

HIGH SCHOOL

Will Present Interesting Play New Year's Eve.

The pupils of the High School will present The Merchant of Venice Up-to-date—the best High School play ever written—at the Opera House, Dec. 31, 1908. In the revised form, all the characters that you know are there, but not as you knew them. Shylock still has an oath registered in heaven; Portia still prates of Mercy; Bassanio still makes his choice between the caskets, and Gobbo is still the merriest jester of them all.

But the motive has been so transformed as to make the whole immortal play the most irresistibly funny farce ever put on boards. In its modern form the play has been produced by more than a thousand High Schools, and everywhere it has been played public approval has been so absolute as to compel it to be reproduced. The roles are within the reach of High School students, and at the same time do afford excellent opportunity for acting.

The students have been untiring in their practice, and we are confident that in this new venture they will mark as high a standard of excellence as have heretofore done in declamation and debate. Between acts, an attractive musical program will be rendered and the evening is sure to be one of entertainment and amusement.

Come. You will enjoy it, and the players will enjoy having you. The old year had just as well go out with a laugh as a sigh. Besides you will be in better condition to make new resolutions after you have seen this play.

GRAPHIC STORY

Of An Old Time Election Written By George D. Prentice In 1830.

"I have just witnessed a strange thing—a Kentucky election—and am disposed to give an account of it. An election in Kentucky lasts three days, and during that period, whiskey and apple-toddy flow through our cities and villages like Euphrates through ancient Babylon. I must do Lexington the justice to say that matters were conducted here with tolerable propriety; but in Frankfort, a place I had the curiosity to visit on the last day of the election, Jacksonism and drunkenness stalked triumphant—an unclean pair of lubberly giants." A number of ruffians each with a whiskey bottle poking its long neck from his pocket, were busily employed hurling voters, and each party kept half a dozen bullies under pay, genuine specimens of Kentucky althoism, to flag every poor fellow who should attempt to vote illegally. Half a hundred weight of mortar would scarcely fill up the chinks of the skulls that were broken on that occasion. I barely escaped myself. One of the runners came up to me, slapping me on the shoulder with his right hand, and a whiskey bottle in his left hand, he asked me if I was a voter. "No," said I. "Ah, never mind," quoth the fellow, pulling a cornucopia out of the neck of the bottle, and shaking it up to the best advantage, "less take a swig at the creter and stoss in a vote for old Hickory's boys—I'll fight for ye, demme!" Here was a temptation to be sure; but after looking alternately at the bottle and the bullies, who were standing ready with their sledge-hammer fists to knock down every interloper, my fears prevailed and I lost my whiskey.

"Shortly after this I witnessed a fight. A great ruffian-looking scoundrel, with a pair of axes, notched at the ends, and a round black head that looked like a forty-pound cannon shot, swaggered up to the polls and threw in his bit of paper and was walking off in triumph. "Stop, friend," exclaimed one of the Salt River Roarers, stepping up to him, "are you a voter?" "Yes, by —," replied he of the bullet head. "That's a lie," rejoined the Roarer, "and you must just prepare yourself to go home, old man, for I'll be damned if I don't kick you into the middle of your ninety-ninth year." "Ay, ay," replied the other, "come on, then; I'll ride you to hell, whipped up with

the sea serpent. They had now reached an open space and the Salt River bully, shaking his fist a moment by way of a hint, dropped his chin suddenly upon his bosom and pitched head foremost toward the stomach of his antagonist with the whole force of his gigantic frame. Bullet Head, however, was on his guard, and dodging aside with the quickness of lightning to avoid the shock, gave the assailant a blow that sent him staggering against a whiskey table, where he fell to the ground amid the crash of bottles, mugs and tumblers. Noting that the bully gathered himself up, and with a single muttered curse, renewed his place in front of his foe. Several blows were now given on both sides with tremendous effect, and in a few moments the Salt River boy repeated the maneuver in which he had first been foiled. This time he was successful. His head was planted directly in his antagonist's stomach, who fell backwards with such force that I had no expectation of his rising again. Is the second round for? Inquired the temporary victor, walking up and looking down on his prostrate foe. Bullet spoke not, but with the bound of a wild cat leaped to his feet and grappled with his enemy. It was a trial of strength, and the combatants tugged and strained and foamed at the mouth and twined like serpents around each other's bodies, till at length the strength of Bullet Head prevailed, and his opponent lay struggling beneath him. "Gouge him! Gouge him!" exclaimed a dozen voices, meaning thereby to gouge out his eyes. The topmost combatant seized his hair, and was preparing to follow the advice shouted in his ear, when the prostrate man roused to desperation, and exerted a strength, that seemed superhuman, caught his assailant by the throat with a grasp like that of fate. For a few moments the struggle ceased, and the face of the throttled man turned black, his tongue fell out of his mouth, and he rolled to the ground as senseless as a dead man. I turned away, a confirmed believer in the doctrine of total depravity.

Notice.

All persons holding claims against the estate of Watt O'Bryan, deceased, are hereby notified to present their claims properly proven to the undersigned at his residence on or before Jan. 1, 1909. The estate must be settled in full.

MRS. WATT O'BRYAN.

The Practical X-MAS GIFT

—CAN BE FOUND AT—

...Leachman & Campbell's Furniture Store...

Bed Room Suits, in solid Oak
\$17.50 to \$75

Side Boards in Oak
\$12.50 to \$60

Dining Tables, in plain or Fancy
\$4.75 to \$35.00

Book Cases and China Closets
\$6.50 to \$35

Hall Mirrors and Racks
at all Prices

Handsome Parlor Tables
Ranging in price from—
\$1 to \$15
in Oak or Mahogany

Nothing nicer than a Morris
Chair for Xmas
\$7 to \$20

Davenport, Box Couches and
Bed Lounges in
LEATHER or VELVET'S
at
Prices that will sell them

**Pictures
and
Rugs**
..Our Line The Swellest in Town..

Solid Mahogany Dressers,
Chiffoniers, Tables and Chairs
\$5 to \$40

Princess Dressers, something nice
for the young lady in both
Mahogany and Oak
\$13.50 to \$20

Shaving stands, something for
the men, up-to-date patterns
\$7.50 to \$10

Big assortment of Folding Beds
\$12.50 to \$40

Unquestionably the largest stock
of
CHAIRS and ROCKERS
ever shown
in Mahogany, Oak, Early English
and Flemish finish

Your wife would appreciate a
Handsome Brass Bed for
Xmas, and you can buy
it at from
\$25 to \$50

Pedestal and Jardineer stands
all styles and prices.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR LINE OF
Axminster and Smyrna
Rugs
At prices that will sell them.

Handsome Axminster Rugs—
27x60 @ \$2.00
36x60 @ 3.25
Handsome Smyrna Rugs—
27x60 @ \$1.50
36x60 @ 2.50
Above prices are 25 per cent. less than
elsewhere.

BEFORE BUYING YOU
XMAS GIFT
COME IN AND INSPECT OUR LINE OF
PICTURES

Nothing more decorative for the house
nor more appreciated by the housekeeper
than a Handsome Picture, and you can buy
them at prices to suit all

10c to \$12

You will always regret it if you fail to see
the line.

We extend a cordial invitation to all to inspect our stock and get our prices whether
you buy or not. Respectfully,

Leachman & Campbell.

Public Sale!

Tuesday, December 22
At my farm near Texas

On the above date I will offer for sale at public auction the following: One work horse, one work mare, one mare in foal by jack, cow, he fresh Feb. 1, two yearling steers, one yearling heifer, ten fat hogs. One two-horse wagon, new; one road wagon, all kinds of plows—breaking-up, double shovels, single shovel plows, all kinds of gears.

OUTSIDE STOCK

There will also be sold on the above date a lot of cattle, mules, horses, sheep, etc.

TERMS:—On all sums under \$10, cash; on all sums over that amount a credit of six months will be given. Note payable at either Springfield bank, with good security required. 6 per cent. Interest.
Sale Commences Promptly at 10, a. m.

B. H. BEGLEY

S. M. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

Spiders' Thread.
Four miles of an ordinary spider's thread would weigh one grain.

Potatoes.
Potatoes as a food vary in value according to the way they are cooked. Roasted they are in the best form for eating. Potatoes cut together with milk and are correct in principle, as the milk furnishes the elements lacking in the tubers.

London's Lord Mayor.
No man can be lord mayor of London without the sanction of the sovereign. The veto, however, has not been exercised since the time of the Stuarts.

Portugal.
About the year 1004 the name of Portugal appears in the annals. Alfonso VII. of Castile in that year signed over to Count Henry of Burgundy, who had left his native land to help fight the threatening Moor, the country of Portugal as a fief.

Our First Planos.
The first pianos known in America were imported from London in 1784 by John Jacob Astor, but as they could not stand the rigors of this climate they soon became ruined. This first effort to attempt to build pianos in this country, and in the early part of the nineteenth century pianos made their appearance.

RUGGED BEAUTY

Of The Mountains Appeals To
Mr. Cocanougher's
Fancy.

(Letter Concluded)

Next morning we decided to visit "Battery Cave" two miles away. The preacher stayed at home to prepare a sermon for next day, so Friend Harmon and the writer, with Jimmie, who had been there on two occasions with his school companions, as companion and guide, started for the cave. Most of our route ran through a country with a low, scrubby growth of oak and pine, where we found a flock of twenty-five large, long-legged sheep. These were the only ones save one we saw in this country of the real mountain breed. They were living well on a wild kind of grass that grows rank in the more open woodland.

On turning the brow of a gentle slope we came upon the object of our search, which is a wild, romantic spot forming a rude circle a stone's throw in diameter, with a one hundred foot depth, with an outlet through which runs a small stream. By rather a rugged path we entered the enchanted place, which was perfectly familiar to our guide; we climbed down over logs and debris that had for ages been piling against the sides of otherwise perpendicular walls. Near the bottom we found a cave, from which we suppose the place took its name, but why it should be called Battery Cave we cannot tell, unless the name in some way suggests a large number of bats that early settlers may have found here.

There are two, or rather one, extended caves which are made in the sides near the base of these rugged walls which are composed of coarse yellow sand rock, resembling that of a grindstone. The largest one is an oblong circle some twenty-five by fifty yards with an opening some forty feet high, the ceiling gradually getting lower until it reaches the floor, which is covered to a depth of several feet with rocks that have, through the lapse of time, fallen from overhead. We suppose these caverns would seat, if properly arranged, some three thousand persons and, if accessible, could be turned into a fine stock barn or huge cellar, where fruit, vegetables and other products could be kept through the winter. Or would naturally suppose the winter supply of chestnuts the little animals had stored away would not be molested in this isolated place, but our two friends actually robbed the little ground—or rather cave—squirrels.

In some remote age of the past several boulders the size of a small cabin have been detached from their rocky beds and rolled down into the depths below. To climb to the top of these huge rocks was rather difficult, but we did so to the amusement of Friend Harmon.

We were rather surprised to find that even this spot upon which nature had lavished so much wild beauty had been disturbed by the woodman's ax and invaded by wagon and team; indeed, it seemed to us a trespass upon nature's sacred domain when we saw that several of the hemlock or fir variety, that must have added much beauty to the place, had been cut and dragged out to convenient places to load.

Our friend suggested that this would be a good place in which to grow fruit as it was so well protected from frost and wind. Here we found the wild cucumber bush, with its tall stem and large palm like leaves with cones as large as a teacup; also the birch, the evergreen laurel, some half dozen kinds of ferns, the little vine like tea plant, bearing its small red berries, shrubs, bushes and plants of the more common kind, all of which lend their fragrance and beauty to make this place attractive.

After exploring caves, climbing moss covered boulders that are hoary with countless ages, and noticing trees and plants to our mental and moral improvement, with grateful hearts we decided to leave this quiet retreat alone in all its beauty and loveliness. While climbing out and walking a pine log Jimmie had the misfortune to tear his pants from bottom to knee, but the rent was soon mended with pins.

This country seems to be the home of the fern family, as it grows to perfection. We saw on this trip solid patches many feet in dimension waving their golden fronds in the gentle October breeze, while thoughts of the fern-loving sisters of our own country came into our mind.

As we stood upon the rocky walls of this chasm, which looked as though it were a hundred centuries old when creation dawned, we thought of the mighty throes of nature, the upheavals and convulsions our planet must have undergone in giving birth to this rock-ribbed gorge that silently speaks to us of its nativity by remaining just where it was born.

Leaving this interesting spot we re-

The Question of Christmas Presents?

Let Us Settle it For
YOU!
Come and look at our line of

JEWELRY

THE FINEST
AND MOST ATTRACTIVE
IN THE CITY

FOR HER—

Silver Comb, Brush and Mirror
Sets, Sterling Silver Desk and
Manicure Sets, a Gold Locket and
Chain, a Bracelet, Watch or Clock,
Opera Glasses, Brooch.

FOR HIM—

A Watch, Chain, Fob,
Cuff Buttons, a Ring
Diamond, Gold Pen.
Novelties in Sterling
Silver for his Pocket,
Office or Desk.

It's easy to select presents here, we have so many beautiful
things at such reasonable prices.

James J. Graves Springfield, Ky.



traced our steps home, where we found a belated dinner awaiting us. In the evening we persuaded Bro. Short to go with us to the coal mines which are not now in operation, but are the chief product of this country, about which we learned so little that we can hardly write intelligently, but we should think of this country as one vast coal field, owned chiefly by coal companies (some of which are worked) with two strata of coal, the upper one from ten to twenty feet under ground and from twenty-six to thirty-six inches in thickness. The lower vein is some four hundred and fifty deep and nearly five feet in thickness. The present generation will hardly need to work this vein. Only coal fields near the railroad are as yet being worked, where it is run out in small cars, drawn by a small mule, on a little narrow track. There is a general driveway through a mine that lengthens as the work advances. One hundred and fifty feet on either side of this way is worked, thus making a way three hundred feet wide through a hill. The earth above is held up by small posts of different length, which must some day rot, when the hill will sink some three feet. Mines extend their work right on under towns, dwellings, railroads or any thing else that may be above them. A good miner can make from \$3.50 to \$5 per day, while a green hand would hardly make his board.

Pine Knot stands on a plateau some thirty by sixteen miles. As we have said, it is practically stripped of its timber. But little effort is made to grow any of the cereals. Vegetables, Irish and sweet potatoes and melons grow fairly well, and we saw here the finest cabbage heads of the season. This is not a good fruit country; we did not see a good orchard. I was told farm products grew well on the bottom land. The nimrod would not be satisfied with the game of this country, but would be surprised to find how very scarce it is. Jimmie has seen but three rabbits; squirrels are scarce and no birds are seen in this country. We do not remember to have seen but one. Sometimes a solitary crow or buzzard may be seen silently traversing this barren tableland. Last fall Jimmie heard of a flock of wild turkeys several miles away, but birds and the smaller animals thrive and grow down on the river where they can get something to eat. For want of proper food and covering we believe the early settlers of Kentucky found but few hares; it seems as if they came with civilization. There are a few horses of an indifferent grade. Nearly all work animals are mules, but they, too, are small and indifferent. There are only two or three buggies in Pine Knot and not a mower or reaper to be seen. Hogs are very scarce. Nothing much is raised but coal.

On Sunday we accompanied the preacher to his church at Silverville, where we had a good service, and were astonished to know what a good sermon Bro. Short could preach. We took dinner with Mr. Strunk, a fine man with an interesting family, and a prominent merchant.

It was with a feeling of regret that we decided next morning to return home, for we really wanted to go up the State line to Cumberland Gap, a

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

AT

ED. M. RUSSELL'S



I am daily receiving my line of Holiday Goods, and now have many handsome articles on display. However the stock is not yet complete, but in a few days I will be prepared to show the trade the handsomest line

Of Jewelry, Silverware and
Cut Glass

ever seen in Springfield. In my stock will be found a variety of presents suitable for all.

ED. M. RUSSELL

AN ORDER FROM LEXINGTON FOR SPRINGFIELD

HARNESSES

MR. GEO. J. BEGEMANN,
Springfield, Ky.

LEXINGTON, KY., DECEMBER 10, 1908.

Dear Sir:

What I have to ask you is the cost of a Set of Harness for driving purposes. Now this is for myself, the one I have is a little heavy—it is the one you made for me—so you give me best price on a lighter set and the half tan lines, also trimmed up a little more. I have the bit for the bridle. What I mean is something nice.

You may also send as soon as you can the following: Two sets Breaching—one double hip; four pair 1 in. x 16 ft. Liner, six pair one inch Bridles, your best style; 1 Y Back Bands, 1 Y 1 1/4 Belly Bands, one-half dozen of the Fair five-eight Riding Bridles.

Let me hear from you at once and any other order I can get for or give you I will be glad to do so,

Yours Respectfully,
F. A. WARE.

This is the third order from Mr. Ware and the farmers around Lexington.

If Mr. Ware and the Farmers around Lexington see a saving in my goods and prices there must be one for the Farmers in and around Washington County

BUY YOUR HARNESSES FROM THE MANUFACTURER
.....AND SAVE THE MIDDLE MAN'S PROFIT.....

Geo. J. Begemann, Springfield
Manufacturer of Hand-Made Harness

distance of forty-five miles, but we felt we were needed at home, so, bidding our friends good bye, we boarded the train and turned our backs upon this interesting land. After a few hours' run we landed at Alherton, where we found Friend Harmon's better-half, with his brother, Mr. J. M. Harmon, and wife, awaiting our return. After a few hours' drive, and just as the last long rays of the Western sun were falling over the peaceful hills of Long Run, we found we were at home.

On this trip we found what we believed to be a fine late butter bean that would be new and interesting to Ma, but were surprised to learn that she had cultivated it in her father's garden sixty-five years ago.

We learned of an old lady who was born back on Jellico Creek of an old man who, back in the fifties, made coffins for his neighbors by digging them out of solid trunks of poplar trees and that, too, without pay. Afterwards his friends secured for him lumber sawed by hand, from which he made this article at the same price.

How to Make Pies Brown.

Even when the oven is quite right and the pastry has been made moderately rich a woman will feel dissatisfied at the appearance of a pie because she misses the rich brown gloss that she has seen on pastry made by practical cooks. To obtain this gloss she needs a wrinkle. It is produced by egg wash. An egg is beaten up with a little sugar, and a small quantity of milk is added. With this wash the pie is brushed over after the pastry has been finished.

How to Clean a Bean Pot.

Instead of scrubbing and scouring an earthen pot in which beans have been baked put in one teaspoonful of baking soda and fill up with cold water. Cover well, so it can steam off all the black that adheres to the edges of the pot. Leave in the oven two hours or more. Your bean pot will be cleaned as if by magic.

How to Make Your Fern Grow.

If you have a fern that does not grow fast enough try putting the pot in hot water—not boiling, but too hot to bear the hand. This is especially good for the beautiful fern that resembles the wild fern that grows on some shady hillside.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

Teddy in Heaven.

Walter Wellman, in a dispatch to the Record-Herald from Washington, says:

"It is not often a good story of national interest comes out of the Washington Police Court. To-day a colored preacher was awaiting his turn to testify in Judge Kimball's court room. While waiting he told of a dream he had had:

"Ah dreamed Ah was in heaven the other night. As Ah stood just inside de golden gate dar came a rap and George Washington was announced by St. Peter."

"Let him come up and sit on mah right side," said the good Lawd, who was sitting on the throne.

"Pretty soon there was another knock, and Abraham Linkum was announced by St. Peter."

"Let him sit on mah left side," said the Lawd.

"Den Ah heard a terrible knockin' at the gate and the angels all trembled.

"St. Peter opened the gate, slow like, and den he turned roun' and sed to de Lawd:

"You'll have to git down an' give him your seat, Lawd. It's Mistah Roosevelt."

When you want printing, you want good printing. That's the home printer the same chance you would ask for the home merchant—made at home.

YOUR WINTER READING



Should be selected now. Call upon The Sun and let us assist you. Of course you will include THE SUN

\$1.00 PER YEAR

KEEPING FRESH EGGS

How They Can be Preserved In
Good Condition For
Months.

It may be news to many housewives that at the cost of only a cent a dozen, plus a little time and trouble, they can keep fresh eggs for several months and still have them come up to the strictly fresh standard, says the Washington Post. The spilling of eggs is declared by scientific men to be due to the entrance of air, carrying germs of decomposition through the shells. Normally an eggshell has a coating of mucilaginous matter, not perceptible to the touch, but quite sufficient to make the shell air tight.

This coating will keep out germs for quite awhile, especially if the egg is carefully handled. But it is sure to become softened in time, either by washing or by friction with a case or with other eggs. Then the germ-laden air gets in and the eggs begin to spoil. This explains why eggs packed in lime or salt or placed in cold storage are very far from being fresh when they come on the market. According to experiments made at the government station in North Dakota, there really is one method of keeping fresh eggs which does preserve their freshness.

By this method eggs which were packed in August were opened three and one-half months later and "still appeared to be perfectly fresh." In most packed eggs after a little time the yolk settles to one side, and the egg is then inferior in quality. But in these three months' old eggs the yolk was in its normal position, and "in taste they were not to be distinguished from fresh, unpacked eggs."

This is worth knowing, if it is true. And there are other reports to the same effect. German experimenters tried twenty methods of preserving eggs. The three which were found most satisfactory were coating them with vaseline, preserving them in lime-water and preserving them in water glass. The vaseline was tedious, and the lime-water gave the eggs a disagreeable odor and taste.

So that of all the twenty methods employed the use of water glass seemed to be the best. There is one test of packed eggs with which most cooks are familiar. Such eggs do not beat up well for cakemaking or for frosting. By this test the eggs kept in water glass solution seemed quite equal to the average fresh eggs of the market.

Water glass is a cheap product that should not cost more than 50 cents a gallon. One gallon would make enough solution to preserve fifty dozen eggs, so that the cost would be only a cent a dozen.

Water glass is a sodium or potassium silicate. To make the solution use ten quarts of pure water that has been thoroughly boiled and then cooled. Add one quart of water glass to the ten quarts of water.

The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50.

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year.

Commissioner's Sale!

Washington Circuit Court, Ky.

Billy Brady, etc., Plaintiffs, vs. Levi Brady, etc., Defendants.—Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court rendered at the October term, 1908, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court House door in Springfield, Ky., on the 25th day of December, 1908, at 2 o'clock, there being thereon a certain County Court day—to the highest and best bidder, at public auction, upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to-wit:

Said property sought to be sold is described as follows and situated in Washington county on the waters of Long Lick Creek and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone in a branch corner to W. Sweeney on Powell heirs, the corner S 49 1/2 W 35-20 poles to a stone of a bridge, corner to Sarah Whitehouse, thence N 44 1/2 W 21 1/2 poles to a beech, corner to same, thence S 61 1/2 W 22 poles to a stone 1 pole South of a drain, thence N 13 poles to a stone in Long Lick Creek, corner to same, thence N 8 W 10 1/2 poles to an elm on the West side of said creek, a corner of Mrs. Wilson, thence the West side of said creek N 41 E 14 to a stone, corner to same, thence N 58 E 36 poles to a stone near an oak tree, corner to same, thence W 72 1/2 E 36 poles to a stone in a branch, corner to Wm. Lair and Jas. Smith, thence East side of said branch S 24 E 9 1/2 poles to a branch 21 1/2 E 19 1/2 to a stone 12 feet from corner of Jas. Smith and Wm. Sweeney, thence S 17 1/2 E 13 1/2 to a beech, thence S 29 E 6 1/2 poles to the beginning, containing by survey twenty and 10 square poles. Second tract situated in Washington county on Long Lick Creek, containing eight acres, being the same more or less, it being described in Deed Book No. 31 page 129, recorded in Deed Book No. 36 page 343 in the Clerk's Office in Springfield, Ky. Said second tract was deeded to Sarah P. Whitehouse, wife of H. Whitehouse, by John W. Graves and Mary E. Grave.

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security or sureties, must execute bond bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms. M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C. W. D. Claybrooke, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

Dr. W. F. Trusty,
Practical
Dentist,
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.
Office over Hayden & Barber.

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Life, Fire and Accident.

Old Massachusetts Mutual, always reliable and the best dividend-paying company in the world. Your insurance solicited.

DR. M. W. HYATT.

DR. JNO. M. SPAULDING.

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THE RED CROSS DRUG STORE
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY

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DR. HYATT 10:30 to 12 m.
4 to 5 p. m.

DR. SPAULDING—2 to 4 p. m.
And in office all Night.

Dr. J. C. Mudd

SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY

OFFICE OVER C. A. BAYDON'S DRUG STORE

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Office in Opera House.

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Day, 49. Night, 109.

T. SCOTT MAYES,

ATTY-AT-LAW,

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Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties, in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

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Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties, in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

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Will practice in the Courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

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Crying of public sales, a specialty.

"Will go anywhere." Terms reasonable. Phone 84.

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—And—

Licensed Embalmer,

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Best Attention.

Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Boxes.

Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

THE SUN AND

Both papers 177

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Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer.....1.75

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Democrat.....1.75

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American Agriculturist.....1.75

American Farmer.....1.50

Breeders' Gazette.....2.25

Country Gentleman.....2.00

Farm and Fireside.....1.50

Field and Fireside.....1.50

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Read This

If you want a home and come to see me.

Farm of 135 acres in one mile of Springfield, dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, plenty of grass, plenty of tobacco land, well fenced and well watered. Will sell on easy terms or cash. Price \$5,000.00.

Good 7 room dwelling on one of the best streets in Springfield, good stable, water in yard, good well, 6 acres of ground, good garden, good shade, house new. Price \$3,000.00.

House, 10 rooms, 2 acres of ground, stable, fine garden, hen house, coal house, fine pastures, in fact everything necessary. \$2,100.00.

This property is only on the market for a short time. If you want any of it call on or write me at once.

B. D. LAKE

Real Estate Agent

Springfield, Ky.

STEVENS

Do you remember, as a boy, how delighted you were with your first STEVENS? Truly an event at that time. Give YOUR BOY a STEVENS now. Will add to his happiness and education.

MAKE A MAN OF YOUR BOY!

If you cannot obtain STEVENS RIFLES—

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"In presenting 'The Devil' to his patrons Mgr. Leo Haydon is not backward in saying that the company will be a most excellent one--the highest standard necessary to present a play of this character."

WILL APPEAR "JUST FO' CHRISTMAS"

At the Springfield Opera House

"It is a morality play of the highest order."--New York Tribune

"Every Woman should see this wonderful play."--Dorothy Dix in New York Evening Journal

THE



DEVIL

An Adaptation of the Famous Continental Play by Franz Molnar

Exactly as presented at two theaters at one time in New York City

Thursday Evening, Dec. 24, 1908

SEATS ON SALE AT THE RED CROSS DRUG STORE

SPRINGFIELD SUN

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.



SUBSCRIPTION. -- ONE DOLLAR.
(In Advance.)
J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield, Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months......50
Three Months......25

The Empty Stocking.

Louisville Herald: We wish we could spread over our whole front page the Inland Printer's picture, published five years ago, called "The Empty Stocking." It is a very simple picture, and yet has more in it that appeals to the heart than have acres of carvings in the great art galleries.

It shows a little girl, clad in her night gown, lying face down on the side of a bed, an empty stocking under her arm. Early daylight reveals enough of the room to disclose that it is bare and cheerless, a bedroom of the poor, and in the despairing posture of the child we can read the story. She had heard of Santa Claus. She had heard of the poor Child of the Manger. She had heard that it was the time when men's hearts opened and good will reigned toward all. In the cold of early Christmas day she arose and, shivering but hopeful, crept to where she had hung her stocking. It was empty. She had come back to her seat, covered her head and thrown herself down to weep, alone.

Ah! there can be no greater misery than the despair of a little child who is alone in the world without love. Maybe the peals of the Christmas bells came in at the window of this poor room. Maybe this child can hear the happy shouts of other children whose stockings were filled. But, she is alone, forgotten, her faith in the best and sweetest beauties of childhood gone, perhaps her whole future written in the piteous emptiness of that little stocking.

We would like to give our whole front page to this picture. We would like to condense and put elsewhere the Gould divorces, the Haines crimes, the society gossip, the launching of battleships, the prize fights, the White House recipes that are going to keep President Taft feeling filled. But, while we haven't got the picture, we can ask the reader this:

Do you know of any little stocking that hide fair to be empty Christmas morning?

For just a minute, stop your day's work, stop worrying about what you'll get your own kids or your friends, stop gloating over the splendid present you are to give somebody, stop speculating on what you are going to receive--stop, and think up some little stocking that will quite likely be empty! Stop, and resolve that there shall be something in that stocking.

Oh! it doesn't matter much what you put in it. A wad of candy will not represent glucose only. A china doll will not stand for a plaything alone. You will put in a good deed that will better you. You will teach a young soul that there is abroad in the world a spirit of love and good will--old Santa Claus

(may heaven confound his traducers!) Grief drive not the thing but of the spirit. Much of the giving is delecting, wasteful, harmful. A five-cent rag doll in the heel of the stocking of that child in the picture would have meant some love, some joy, some hope and a different world to her.

If there be no comforting Santa Claus glow in the souls of the children, what of them when they are older?

You can not sow neglect, lovelessness and inhumanity, and reap from such sowing generosity, gratitude, goodness and other things that make a people truly great.

Keep the picture of "The Empty Stocking" in your heart, and take your heart with you to the bargain counters!

SYCAMORE VALLEY.

We are having some nice weather. Born, to the wife of Lonnie Noel, a five-pound boy.

There will be an entertainment and Christmas tree at the Hillsboro church Christmas eve for the school at this place. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. J. H. Settle is quite sick at this writing.

The supper given by Mrs. J. S. Thomas, for the benefit of the church, was well attended and a very neat little sum realized.

Those who spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sutherland were: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Coulter, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Crook and two children; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Prather, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sutherland, J. C. Settles, Hubert Patrick and Garland Colvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Keeling were the pleasant guests of Mr. Keeling's brother, M. C. Keeling, and family Sunday.

Mrs. Will Bowles is on the sick list. Mrs. J. S. Inman and two daughters, Maud and Eva, spent last Saturday with Mrs. T. W. Sutherland.

HAPPY HOLLOW.

Mr. Solomon Kays and family spent Sunday with Mr. E. L. Parish and family, of near here.

Mr. Leslie Keeling and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with his brother, Mr. M. C. Keeling.

Mr. J. M. Shields and wife spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Sabo Coulter, of near here.

Mr. J. S. Thomas gave an oyster supper to the young folks Saturday night. There was a large crowd present and all had an enjoyable thing.

Mr. J. A. Coulter and wife, Mr. S. H. Crook and wife, Mr. Tom Prather and wife dined at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Sutherland Sunday.

Messrs. Gilbert Chesser and Ben Haydon, who have been working for Mr. Solomon Kays, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. J. H. Settle is very low at this writing with hemorrhage of the lungs.

Mrs. Erastus Perkins is on the sick list this week.

Miss Pearl Armstrong spent Tuesday with Mr. Solomon Kays and family.

Messrs. Pearl and Myrtle Armstrong were in Willisburg Monday.

Dame Rumor reports several weddings soon.

Medicine That Is Medicine.

"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c at Haydon & Robertson's drug store.

Elopers Foiled.

Courier-Journal: Dan Cupid very often starts trouble, but he doesn't always help his victims to get out of it--not by a long shot. Last night he got a young couple from Shelbyville into a peek of tough luck, and then stood back and giggled behind his hands, the pretty dimples in his cheeks sparkling all evening.

At 6 o'clock last night Police Major Edward Burke received a telephone message from the Shelbyville police, asking him to intercept R. G. Todd and Miss Edith Brown, of that city, as they passed through Louisville on their way to the Jeffersonville Gretna Green. They were enroute on a Louisville and Nashville train, which arrived in this city at 6:05 o'clock, so the message said.

There was a hurry and bustle for a minute at the station-house, and then the automobile shot down to Main street and up Main to the First-street railroad station at a law-breaking speed. When the officers arrived at the spot they saw the Jeffersonville ferry backing in, so they ran the machine down to the water's edge and went to the wharf.

There they spied the young people lurking in the shadow, waiting at a tension for the boat to land. The couple were taken to the station-house, and detained in the stationkeeper's room. Then the reporters appeared on the scene, and the affair immediately became shrouded in mystery.

Would the officers permit the representatives of the press to talk to the couple? "No indeed!" Might they even have a glimpse of the mysterious folk? "No, gentlemen," in a calm, official, exasperating tone, "we don't even know where they are!" That was a "whopper" and a challenge. So the "knights of ink" pooled interests, and began a game of "Couple, Couple, Who'll See the Couple," with the police on the other side of the railing.

Thirty minutes of tiptoeing and whispering and collaring of various attaches and slapping of doors was followed by such expressions as "Say, she's a peach," "Did yuh get next to those eyes?" "No wonder he ran away with her," and the officers retorted with: "I betcha ain't seen 'em," "All right, then, what did she look like?" etc.

She was frocked in a neat green traveling suit, with a hat to match and fifty tan pumps. For a man to attempt further description is obviously useless. But the couple WAS seen. It leaked out in the meantime, from nowhere, apparently, that the happy looking young man's name was R. G. Todd; that he was 23 years of age, manager of the Olympic Bottling Works at Shelbyville, and was one of the beaux of the town. Of course, her name was forthcoming, too, from the same source, and she is sixteen and looks it.

Rut the girl's father, Charles Brown, accompanied by the Marshal of Shelbyville, arrived at 9 o'clock, and the fun of the thing ceased. Father didn't get angry; he said: "Howdy" to the unlucky man, and "Well, Toby, I got you this time; come, let's go home," to his daughter. That settled it. The romance of the affair was all gone. Father and daughter went one way with their friends, and Mr. Todd and his intended best man went another.

For rent, 8 acres for corn, 8 for oats. Mrs. Laura Vest, Springfield.

This Is Worth Reading.

Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone. Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at Haydon & Robertson's drug store. 25c."

Entertainment.

Program of entertainment to be given at Hardesty School House Dec. 23rd, at 1 o'clock p. m.:

Welcome Song by the School.
Mother Goose Convention.

Recitation--The Fire Friend--Ida Gray.

Recitation--Mattie's Wants and Wishes--Martha Chesser.

Recitation--Nobody's Child--Jenny Goodlett.

Dialogue--Ida Gray, Lucy Barlow, Ethel Hardesty, Ethel Gray and Martha Chesser.

Recitation--Curfew--Tavie Goodlett.

Recitation--My Old Rag Doll--Edith Wesley.

Recitation--Whistling in Heaven--Ethel Hardesty.

Dialogue--Emma Kinder and Will Gray.

Recitation--The Sherman Cyclone--

Ethel Gray.
Song--Ida Gray, Ethel Hardesty, Lucy Barlow, Ethel Gray and Valeria Goodlett.

Recitation--Papa's Letter--V. e o l a Goodlett.

Recitation--Trundle Bed--Martha Gray.

Dialogue--Texie Barlow, Ray Chesser and Emma Kinder.

Recitation--Vacation Time--Dewey Chesser.

Recitation--Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine--Ida Gray.

Dialogue--Martha Gray and Russell Hardin.

Recitation--When Hulda Speaks Her Beau--Effie Chesser.

Contest by the Sixth Grade pupils. Prize, a five-dollar gold piece, offered by Leo Haydon.

Tableau--"Santa Claus," accompanied by song, "What is the Meaning of the Presents?"

The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year.
The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.

The following gentlemen announce that their lands are posted and they forbid hunting on their premises. Parties caught hunting upon the lands of any of the undersigned will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law:

Woodford Graves.	H. P. Mudd.
Dee Riley.	Hite Clements.
Sam Phillips.	J. I. Martin.
T. A. Grundy.	C. L. Grundy.
T. A. Grundy.	R. J. Young.
Conrad Hertlein.	W. F. Booker.
Harry Thompson.	B. F. Simms.
Campbell & Bottom.	T. Dudley Tapp.
W. F. Moran & Son.	Alex Thompson.
F. M. Shewmaker.	W. R. Jones.
Hennessey & Baker.	J. S. Hume.
W. S. Furdum & Son.	J. T. Cloyd.
J. R. Johnston.	F. O. Fields.
Dave Yankey.	Geo. Taylor.
W. H. Wright.	Audrey Tumey.
Dr. John Deboe.	

[Parties desiring their names placed in this list may have it done by paying 25c a name, cash in advance. --Ed.]

CLEARANCE SALE!

Of Ladies Cloaks and Suits, Children's Cloaks...

Men's Overcoats and Suits, Boys' Overcoats and Suits

During the Month of December



For the month of
December

we will offer our EN-
TIRE STOCK of
LADIES CLOAKS AND
SUITS, and

Everything

Else in our Ladies
READY-TO-WEAR
DEPARTMENT.

—ALSO ALL—

Men's and Boy's
Clothing

—AT—
Greatly
Reduced
Prices.



Our Stock is large and well assorted and this is a good chance to buy HIGH CLASS Goods at

...BARGAIN PRICES...

We would be glad to have you call and look through our well assorted stocks and HEAR THE LOW PRICES.

Robertson-Claybrooke Co.

INCORPORATED

Dr. G. T. Burton
RESIDENT DENTIST.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.
All Dental Work Strictly First-class.
Springfield. — Ky.
Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

W. V. STALLARD, D. D. S.
SPRINGFIELD, KY. PHONE 72
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN OR DANGER
All Work Done in this office is first-class in every respect and just as advertised. (GUARANTEED)
126 Over McElroy & Shader's Grocery

Local News Notes.

A nice line of pictures for Christmas at Leachman & Campbell's.

Mr. B. H. Begley will conduct a public sale at his farm near Texas Tuesday, Dec. 22. See his ad. in this issue.

See my silk petticoats at \$4, skirts, waists and nice handkerchiefs for Christmas. **MRS. WILLIAMS.**

Sell your Hides and Furs to Grinstead. He pays highest prices. Jones old stand.

A full line of rugs at Leachman & Campbell's. Low prices for Christmas.

The Star Amusement Company, of Louisville, is presenting a moving picture show at the Opera House each evening. The show is a good one and is being well attended.

The ladies of the Christian church will conduct a Christmas sale at Mrs. Williams' millinery store on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23 and 24.

LOST DOG.—On the 29th of November a setter was either stolen or strayed from my place. White with brown head. Reward. **JNO. M. HALL.**

Attention is called to the advertisement of Leachman & Campbell in this issue. They are offering many bargains. Note the prices they quote.

LOST.—On last Thursday night a Whitman saddle, odd stirrups, between Springfield and my home on the Poor-town pike. Information appreciated. **P. J. KELLY.**

All persons having claims against the estate of Mary E. Devine, deceased, will present same properly proven to the undersigned, or to my attorney, W. D. Claybrooke, on or before Jan. 1, 1909. **LEVY BRADY, Administrator.**

Those having claims against the estate of G. W. Sparrow, deceased, will present same properly proven up to my attorney, W. D. Claybrooke, or the undersigned, on or before Jan. 1st, 1909. **JOHN MILBURN, Admr.**

All persons having claims against the estate of Areta Begley, deceased, will present same properly proven to the undersigned, or to my attorney, W. D. Claybrooke, on or before Jan. 1, 1909. **T. R. BEGLEY, Executor.**

All persons having claims against the estate of Silas Armstrong, deceased, will present same properly proven to the undersigned (on or before Jan. 20, 1909). **ISAAC ARMSTRONG, Administrator.**

STRAY HOGS.—About two months ago eight stray hogs were taken up at my place—7 black and one red—will weigh 75 pounds. Owner may have them by paying for their keep and this notice. **J. D. NOEL, Mackville, Ky., Rt. 1.**

All persons indebted to the estate of Dr. J. M. Burton please call at Peoples Deposit Bank and settle on or before Jan. 1, 1909. All persons holding claims against said estate present them properly proven, as the estate must be closed up. **J. A. BOULWARE, Executor, J. M. Burton, deceased.**

The election of officers for Springfield Lodge No. 50 F. and A. M. will occur on Saturday, Dec. 26. St. John's Day comes on Sunday this year, hence the election of officers the previous Saturday.

A new 200-horse-power water tube boiler is being installed in the powerhouse of the Springfield Water and Electric Light Company. The boiler is the largest type of boiler made, and is the first which has been installed here. The Company will alternate in the use of this boiler and the ones which are now in use, using one when the other is out of repair or in need of cleaning. The largest smoke stack in this part of the country has just been erected at the power house. It is a little over 100 feet high, and is about forty feet higher than the present smoke stack. When these improvements are completed Springfield's Water System will be second to none.

The SUN \$1

Personal Notes.

Visitors in and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Simms were in Louisville a few days this week.

—Mr. R. H. Edelen, of Bardstown, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. J. F. Simms.

—Dr. Chas. Edelen and Dr. Will O'Connor, of Louisville, spent last week with Mr. Greg Edelen, of near town.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Clements, of Lebanon, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Clements.

—Miss Eleanor Duncan returned home last Friday, after a two weeks' visit to her sister, Mrs. A. L. Jenkins, of Cincinnati.

—Miss Mary Brown, of Louisville, is visiting her sisters, Misses Lucy and Veola Brown.

—Miss Willie Knott will leave tomorrow for a several days' stay in Louisville.

—Miss Flaget Simms returned home today, after spending several weeks with her cousin, Mr. W. F. Spalding, of Atlanta, Ga.

—Miss Cecelia Simms will be with McElroy & Shader during the holidays.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McCawley were in Campbellsville a few days last week.

—Miss Ella Sweeney, of Grundy Home, is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. H. Sweeney, of Louisville.

—Mrs. T. A. Spalding returned to her home in Bardstown, after a week's visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Haydon. Mr. Spalding spent Sunday here.

—Mr. Will Osborne, of Rineyville, visited at the home of Mr. C. H. McIntire last week.

—Mrs. Newell McClasky, of Bloomfield, is the guest of her sisters, the Misses Brown.

—Mr. Len Edelen, who has been in Oakland, Cal., for the past five years, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Edelen, of near town.

—Mrs. J. L. Wharton and Miss Kate Wharton spent a few days last week in Louisville.

—Mr. H. D. Stiles, of Danville, spent a few days here last week.

—Miss Estelle Kelly has returned to her home in Louisville, after a visit to Miss Louise Medley.

—Miss Lou Booker, who has been quite ill, is improving.

—Mr. G. Ray Goodin, of Lebanon, has been visiting here this week.

—Mr. W. E. Greene spent Sunday and Monday in Louisville.

—Hons. T. Scott Mayes and W. D. Claybrooke were in Willsburg to-day.

—Mr. Chas. Tong, of Bardstown, is visiting here.

—Miss Nellie Greene is visiting in Louisville and LaGrange this week.

—Hon. John W. Lewis is in Washington City, where he has gone to argue the Green County Bond Case before the Supreme Court of the United States.

—Mrs. Fred Mangate, of Louisville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lewis.

—Mr. J. R. Durrett and daughter, Miss Elise, have returned from a trip to New Orleans. While away they visited points of interest in Texas and Old Mexico.

—Mr. Richard Mulcan received a stroke of paralysis last Thursday and has since been in a dangerous condition. He is now some better, but his chances of recovery are very meagre.

—Mr. M. L. Searcy is seriously ill at his home at this place of Bright's disease.

—Mr. Ruby Tichenor and wife, Chas. Tong and Jas. Moore, of Bardstown; George Tong and wife, Mrs. Richard Hamilton, J. A. Tonz, Mrs. Mary Jones, W. H. Jones and son, of Lebanon; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clements and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Carrico of New Haven; Mrs. Mollie Jones, of Shepherdsville; G. T. Jones, of Cincinnati, and Booth Carrier, of Loretto, attended the funeral of Mrs. J. A. Tong of this place, Sunday.

Great Clothing Sale

We are **OVERSTOCKED** in Ladies, Misses and Children's Cloaks, Men's, Boy's and Children's Suits and Overcoats. In order to reduce our stock we will make **Special Prices on each and Every Garment in these lines.**



Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

Cloaks

Women's Cloaks, worth \$20.00	\$14.00
Women's Cloaks, worth 15.00	14.00
Women's Cloaks, worth 12.50	8.00
Women's Cloaks, worth 10.00	6.75
Women's Cloaks, worth 7.50	5.00
Misses Cloaks, worth 7.50	5.00
Misses Cloaks, worth 6.50	4.75
Misses Cloaks, worth 5.00	3.50

Suits

Men's Suits, worth \$25.00, for	\$18.00
Men's Suits, worth 22.50, for	17.50
Men's Suits, worth 15.00, for	10.00
Men's Suits, worth 10.00, for	7.50
Boy's Suits, worth 12.50, for	8.50
Boy's Suits, worth 10.00, for	7.00
Boy's Suits, worth 8.00, for	6.00

Men's and Boy's Overcoats at correspondingly low prices

We have a large stock of Handsome Hand Bags, Silk Mufflers, Ladies Fancy Neckwear, Umbrellas, Table Linens and Napkins, Towels, Lap Robes, Etc.

...This Store will be open on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Nights of next week...

Cunningham, Duncan & Co.
Springfield, Kentucky

Letters To Santa Claus.

Dear Santa:—I am a little girl six years old and live two miles North of Willsburg. Please bring me some candy, chewing gum, oranges, nuts, bananas and a doll that can shut her eyes. I have a little sister, Hazel. Bring her something so she won't cry for mine. Santa, come early, I'll be asleep. Good-bye.
MARTHA THOMPSON, Willsburg, Ky., R. D. No. 1, Box 10.

Willsburg, Ky., Dec. 11, 1908.—Dear Santa Claus:—I hope you will come to see me this Christmas and bring me lots of goodies. I will mention the things that I would like for you to bring me: A little rocking-horse, a two bladed knife, a little engine, including the tools, drum and a horn, a little mowing machine and a binder, an air gun, a belt to carry my shot and a belt to carry my rabbits, a little wagon and harness to go with it, two pairs of harness, a little cart with harness with it,

a little saddle, two packages of all kinds of fire crackers, two spit devils, two packages of all kinds of Roman candles, a mask, a mit, a ball, a bat, a glove, ball cap, a flag, a little safe, some candy, nuts and oranges, also a bridge for my goat, and an automobile, and a train of cars, and a coal bar and a Jumping Jack to fire the engine for me.

Santa, if you bring me these few things I will be a good boy all year. I am a little boy only six years old, so I had to get my sister to write for me, but I guess you can read it anyway. Oh! Santa, I forgot; bring Mama a new diamond ring and Papa a pair of socks and some gear for his mules.

Your friend,
TEDDY MILLER.

Springfield, Ky., Dec. 11, 1908.—Dear Santa:—I thought that I would write for some Xmas toys. I want an air rifle and loads, a wagon and some candies, oranges, apples and bananas and so me thooting crackers. I am eight years old. I want you to bring me a lit-

tle wagon and a train and some candy, apples, oranges, figs, dates, raisins and nuts.

ACIE DEL PINKSTON.

Dear Santa Claus:—I will write and tell you what I want you to bring me Christmas. I want you to bring me a toy piano and some toy dishes and a doll bed and some candy and oranges and bananas and raisins. I am a little girl five years old and I have blue eyes and light hair, and I live at Tatham Springs and my papa is a miller. Now, Santa Claus, don't forget to come this way and stop at my house. I have a little brother two years old, and please don't forget to bring him something. Now don't forget where I live and be sure to come.
MARGIE CAREY.

Dear Santa:—I am a little boy ten years old. I want a monkey and an automobile. I want candy, nuts, figs, oranges, apples and raisins.
GEORGIE WEST.

Dear Santa:—I am a little boy eight

years old. From your loving friend,
ACIE DEL PINKSTON.

Dear Santa Claus:—I will write you a letter to tell you what I want. I want a doll and a bed for it. I want some candy, apples, oranges, figs, raisins and nuts. I will close for this time.
GRACIE MAE SIMPSON.

Mackville, Ky., Dec. 4, 1908.—Dear Santa Claus:—I will write you a letter to tell you what I want. I want a doll and a bed for it. I want some candy, apples, oranges, figs, raisins and nuts. I will close for this time.
MARY KATHARINE NOEL.

Dear Santa Claus:—I am a little girl living away out in the country, and for fear you do not know me, will write you a letter. Most of all I would like a jointed doll and a piano, and bananas, fruits and candy. You can bring all you want to.
MARY KATHARINE NOEL.

The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.00. The Springfield Sun, \$1.00 per year. The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.00.

LOOK!

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

The Cost of \$1,000 Insurance

In the usiness Men's Life Insurance Company,
of Louisville, Ky.

AGE.		AGE.		AGE.	
20	\$9.15	32	\$ 8.85	44	\$12.11
21	9.15	33	9.97	45	12.47
22	9.20	34	10.06	46	12.93
23	9.25	35	10.19	47	13.35
24	9.30	36	10.33	48	13.90
25	9.35	37	10.46	49	14.55
26	9.40	38	10.64	50	15.32
27	9.48	39	10.83	51	16.15
28	9.53	40	11.03	52	17.09
29	9.62	41	11.25	53	18.14
30	9.68	42	11.50	54	19.34
31	9.76	43	11.78	55	20.68

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL ON

Business Men's Life Insurance Co., Louisville, Ky., or

Lee VanArsdale, Springfield, Ky.

A Simple Method.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

I am a judge on the bench. One morning when I was disposing of a number of cases, any one of which would make a refined and tender heart bleed, I saw a young couple, evidently still in their teens, come into the courtroom. Both looked sullen, and the girl wife especially wretched. Both were poorly clad, a consequence, I judged, of difficulties between them. The young husband gave every evidence of being able to make a living for himself and his wife except for some special obstacle. The wife had a sweet face and was very pretty. While sitting on the seat of judgment, sending hardened criminals to their punishment, I kept my eye on this couple. Experience told me that one had come to make some complaint of the other's treatment; but, familiar as I was with real guilt, I knew that it did not belong to either. When I had disposed of the bulk of my cases I called the couple before me and without inviting either to state the difficulty between them I asked:

"How long have you two been married?"

"Just one year today," replied the girl sadly.

"And this is the anniversary of your wedding day. You come here with what you consider a trouble. Do you know that you have no trouble?"

"There was no reply to this. Both stood utterly belying my statement by the misery of their appearance and the expression on their faces."

"How old are you?" I asked the husband.

"Nineteen, your honor."

"And you?" of the girl.

"Seventeen."

What should I do with this boy and girl to turn their antagonism into forgiveness and affection? Suddenly it came to me as an inspiration from heaven.

"Sit down there, side by side, and think pleasant things of each other. Mind, you are not to think anything disagreeable. If such things come into your heads, drive them out at once and begin again on something affectionate."

They did as I bid them, while I proceeded with the remaining cases to come before me. I still had my eye on them and found them an interesting study. The husband sat for awhile with a lowering brow, but he was evidently trying to do my bidding, and after awhile I noticed that it had relaxed. The wife apparently found it easier to think pleasantly of him, and presently I saw her steal a glance at him. It was anxious, pleading, loving. His hand was on the seat and partly covered by her skirts. Hers disappeared from view, and I knew that it rested on his. I waited a moment to see if he would withdraw his, and when he did not I knew that the case was won.

A pleasurable feeling came over my hardened judicial heart, and looking from this comparatively innocent pair to creatures into whom only divinity

could inject a mite of the good, I wished that I might be endowed with such divine power. I sent one who had inherited sin and had lived since birth in its environment to jail, another to the workhouse, a third I dismissed with a warning. Men and women, even children, I disposed of mercilessly. Then when I had attended to all I called the young couple before me.

"This is the anniversary of your wedding," I said. "You remember how happy you were on that day. You remember," to the husband, "how pretty she looked. Well, she is as pretty today, only senseless bickerings have kept you from work, and she is not so well dressed. And you," to the wife, "don't bother him about unimportant things, nor importune him, but just trouble off him every day as you dust your rooms. It is the wife's part. Now go and celebrate your first wedding anniversary."

They turned away, but I noticed that there was something on the man's mind. The wife came back and whispered to me:

"He has nothing to celebrate with."

I put my hand in my pocket and drew forth some bills. "This is for the supper," I said, "and this for the later tickets. Have a good time and don't ever come here again on such an errand."

As they left me the man had an ashamed look, while his young wife's face was wreathed in smiles. As I looked at them I felt the justice in my charge to the girl that it was her part to ward trouble from her husband. Whatever he felt he had no trouble to show; what she felt was as plain as the sun in heaven.

The case, though different from the thousands that came before me and rehearsing as it was, had passed out of my mind when one day I saw on my seat for my day's work I saw on my desk a cheap glass vase containing a bunch of ordinary flowers. Before it rested a card on which was written:

"From the garden of our happy home. Second wedding anniversary of John and Mary Hilton."

Having no remembrance of John and Mary Hilton, I gazed at the piteous gift puzzled. Looking up, I saw at the farther end of the courtroom a girl wearing a handkerchief and smiling. Her face was familiar, and I knew she was bent on attracting my attention.

Then it came over me that she was one of the couple I had by my simple expedient saved from a marital separation and its consequent miseries.

Once a year I find flowers on my desk, and once a year I am buoyed to endure the melancholy work which Providence has assigned me.

EDMOND COMPTON.

The Ruby.

If you make a ruby hot it becomes green, but goes back again presently to its own color.

Burials in Japan.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies it is the custom for his nearest relatives to put him into a coffin and bury him, and the mourning does not begin until after burial.

Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Nervine, price of first bottle (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST

FLOUR

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Pride of Washington or
Springfield's Choice

MANUFACTURED BY

J. W. JARBOE & CO.

Highest market price paid for WHEAT

Limit of Speed of Autos.

The authorities of Shanghai, one of the busiest towns in China, have passed a by-law allowing motorists to maintain a speed of not more than 30 miles an hour while passing through the city.

A Dangerous Operation

is the removal of the appendix by a surgeon. No one who takes Dr. King's New Life Pills is ever subjected to this frightful ordeal. They work so quietly you don't feel them. They cure constipation, headache, biliousness and malaria. 25c at Hayden & Robertson's drug store.

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SIRS AND SONS.

Beth Low succeeds James R. Morse in the presidency of the American Asiatic association, now eleven years old.

The Duke of Argyll has hurt the feelings of the highlanders by saying that no man over sixty should appear in kilts.

Representative Leslie K. Morse of Haverhill is the owner of one of the largest bulls in the world. Bangs weighs more than 4,000 pounds and stands higher than the tallest horse.

Chester S. Lord has been managing editor of the New York Sun for twenty-eight years. He joined the paper in 1872 as a reporter and for seventeen years was under Charles A. Dana and enjoyed his confidence to the end.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian minister of finance, raises and spends \$100,000,000 a year on a \$7,000 salary.

Mr. Fielding is the only prominent member of the old cabinet that gathered about Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, having held his position twelve years.

Clerk James McKenny of the supreme court of the United States recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the clerk's office.

Mr. McKenny entered the office in a subordinate capacity, but he has held the position of clerk for twenty-eight years.

The Jews of Austria are slated at the appointment of a coreligionist, Major General Edward Ritter von Schweitzer, to the rank of field marshal. This officer, who has seen over forty years' service, was born of poor parents and entered the army as a private.

The wages of the coolies who raise tea in Ceylon vary from 8.33 to 11.66 cents a day. They are, however, housed free and get rice at cost price.

A statistician who has taken the trouble to figure it out says that the average married couple may figure on about 4,194,000 descendants in 500 years.

No receptacle has ever been made strong enough to resist the bursting power of freezing water. Twenty pound steel shells have been rent asunder as though made of pottery.

Short Stories.

Of those who die only about 11 per cent are insured.

The postal business of the world is increasing 7 per cent per annum.

The first alarm of fire by an electric telegraph system was given at 8:30 p. m. April 29, 1852, in Boston.

The site of the Greenfield (Mass.) First National bank was formerly purchased for a hotel, but the tenants, then very much in fashion, then very much in fashion.

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Recent Inventions.

A Canadian inventor has patented a combined comb and razor to trim hair more rapidly and evenly.

A Kansas carpenter has patented a device to be attached to a saw to blow away the sawdust. A piston, struck by the wood being sawed, sends a current of air through a curved tube.

A Brooklyn man has secured a patent on a quick driver wheel and runners to replace the ordinary wheels and convert an automobile into a motor-driven sleigh when snow is on the ground.

A new flying machine invented by a Russian military engineer is said to lift weights five times greater and to carry them at higher speed than the aeroplanes of similar power owned by other European nations.

British Briefs.

The first submarine boat was tried in Plymouth harbor, England, in 1774. The wooden counter is almost universally used in the United Kingdom in place of the glass showcase.

In the wild asses' house at the London zoological gardens the first kiang ever bred there has been born. The kiang is the largest species of wild ass in existence and is a native of Tibet and Mongolia.

Almost any steamer afloat in the merchant service can now go to Manchester, England, the deepening of the ship canal to a uniform depth of twenty-eight feet having been completed after over three years' continuous work.

Household Hints.

After trimming trim the wick of a lamp below the burner or the oil will ooze.

Boil new coffeepots in borax water and clean water kettles in the same manner.

Paraffin used on the tops of preserve glasses can be saved until the next season by washing in cold water and putting in a tin box with a tight lid.

When brushing steaks in the gas oven put water in the pan beneath the broiler. It catches all grease, which when cold can be skimmed off. This keeps the oven clean and saves labor in cleaning the pan.

The Royal Box.

The crown princess of Montenegro is the champion royal lady wrestler of all Europe.

Prince Edward of Wales is a splendid athlete and one of the best boxers in his class at school.

Ferdinand I. of Bulgaria is a distinguished student of botany, a great ornithologist, an omnivorous reader and a connoisseur in all matters of art.

The most popular girl, without doubt, in Germany is Princess Victoria Louise, daughter of the kaiser, who is a pretty maiden of sweet sixteen.

The ABC and XYZ of ADVERTISING

A SERIES OF TEN TALKS ON ADVERTISING No. 10
written by Seymour Eaton of Philadelphia

A man succeeds not because he advertises his business but because he lives it; because he eats it, sleeps it, dreams it, builds air castles about it.

The man who never builds air castles never builds castles of any kind.

The great motive power of any business is the strenuous personal faith of the man back of it.

Put your name to the front; your own personality. This is a tremendous force in advertising. People like to know individuals. They like to feel that they are being served by men; not simply getting their goods out of the hopper of a treadmill. And if people have any kicking to do—and the American people enjoy kicking—they prefer to kick individuals. It is mighty unsatisfactory, for instance, to kick an Express Company or a Railroad or Brown, Smith & Company. One can't hit the bull's eye.

Breathe the breath of life into your advertisements. It is safe to say that nine out of every ten advertisements which we see are as dead as Egyptian mummies. They are beautifully decorated; twisted around with fine linen; draped and boxed for burial. They have eyes and nose and mouth but they neither see nor speak. They don't even smell. Their faces are either made of putty or are chiseled out of beautiful marble. There is no throbbing pulse.

Advertisements are written to appeal to live people, and nothing can get into the heart of humanity so easily as another heart.

If you have faith in your goods and the public has faith in you the circuit is complete. The advertisement is simply the transmitter through which your faith operates.

The trunk lines are all laid. Every home is connected up. To put your shop in communication with one hundred and fifty thousand possible customers is dead easy. The newspapers go to press shortly after midnight. At eight o'clock tomorrow morning you can talk to one hundred thousand people about the few little attractive features of your shop which you are making ready; some suits which you are closing out at half-price or some new importations which you got through the custom house only yesterday. Don't run away with the idea that you need to apologize to the public for disturbing their breakfast with your affairs. The people like it. A newspaper without advertisements wouldn't sell.

Advertising isn't grammar; it isn't pictures; it isn't type; it isn't top of page position. It is something far more real than these things. These are merely accessories. Advertising is making the proper telepathic connection between you and the customer. It is the art of making the type speak.

Seymour Eaton

(Copyright, 1908, by Tribune Company, Chicago.)

Do You Want a SMALL FARM?



LOOK
AT
THESE!

Cheaper Than You Can Build a House!

No. 101.—60 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good pike, good 5 room dwelling, good stock barn, good orchard, all under good fence. One-fourth mile from school and one mile from church. Price, \$1,800.

No. 102.—49 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, one-half mile from pike, 6 room dwelling, small stock barn, plenty of locusts, good fence, all in grass, plenty of water. Price, \$1,200.

B. D. LAKE, The Real Estate Man...
SPRINGFIELD, KY.

THE SUN \$1 PER YEAR

Real Estate Bargains

No. 3-70 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, Ky., good dwelling, good tobacco barn, plenty of tobacco land. Close to church and school. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 4-255 acres, in Nelson county, 3 good barns, good dwelling, all the farm in grass. Price \$60 per acre.

No. 5-167 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, some timber, cedar posts, good dwelling and barn. Close to church and school. On good pike. Price \$15 per acre.

No. 10-108 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 15 acres of timber, plenty of fine tobacco land, new tobacco barn, large dwelling, fine watered, fine orchard. Close to depot and on good pike. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 16-196 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, one seven room dwelling, in good repair, 15 acre tobacco barn, plenty of grass and well watered. Good stock barn. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 18-194 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, good six room dwelling, on good pike, 34 miles from a depot, 1 mile from school and church, good stock barn, 60 acres of fine bottom land, 600 rods of stone fence. Price \$32 per acre.

No. 20-215 acres, 9 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, two good tenant houses, two tobacco barns, two stables, 75 acres of fine timber, fine orchard, plenty of grass. Price \$32.50 per acre.

No. 22-121 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, on a good pike, young orchard, good barn and fine water. Price \$15 per acre.

No. 23-1392 acres, 9 miles from Springfield, small dwelling, two good tobacco barns, will hold 15 acres of tobacco, 1 mile from Maud, some timber, all the farm fine tobacco land, well fenced. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 25-243 acres, 8 room dwelling, good cellar, good well in yard, fine cistern at barn, fine stock barn, all the farm in grass, well watered, less than 3 miles from graded school. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 38-180 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, on a good pike, most of farm in grass, good six room dwelling, good stock barn, well fenced, plenty of stock water, good well in yard. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 41-220 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 8 miles from Lebanon, new 3 room dwelling, good cellar and cistern at house, never failing spring in yard, milk house at spring, good orchard, plenty of small fruit, 10 acre tobacco barn, stock barn, all out buildings, plenty of tobacco land, plenty of grass. Price \$45 per acre.

No. 45-140 acres, 1 mile from school house in Springfield, Ky., small dwelling, good stock barn, well fenced, well watered, plenty of locusts and plenty of grass. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 46-984 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on a good pike, all the farm tobacco land, new tobacco barn, good dwelling, well fenced. Price \$37.50 per acre.

No. 47-Town property of all kinds and prices. If you want a town home call and see me, I have anything you want at any price.

No. 55-206 acres, 4 miles from Springfield, on a good pike, good 3 room dwelling, one 12 acre tobacco barn, plenty of grass, farm situated in one of the best neighborhoods in the county, all time stone and fine tobacco land. Price \$75 per acre.

No. 98-165 acres, 4 miles from Lexington, 1 mile from pike, 8 miles from Springfield, Ky., 7 room dwelling in good repair, good barn and all necessary outbuildings, plenty of tobacco land, plenty of water, plenty of grass, all under good fence. Price \$25 per acre.

No. 99-46 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, good small house, good water, fine orchard, some tobacco land. Close to church and school. Price \$1,500.00.

No. 63-180 acres, 5 room dwelling, 12 acre tobacco barn, plenty of timber, fine water, plenty of grass and plenty of tobacco land, all under good fence. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 65-170 acres, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, under good fence, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn with metal roof, new, good granary, some bottom land, plenty of grass and water. Price \$42.50 per acre.

No. 67-200 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 6 room dwelling, in good repair, 10 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, buggy shed and all out buildings, 20 acres of fine bottom land, 75 acres of fine tobacco land. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 68-180 acres, 8 room brick dwelling, in good repair, well fenced, fine river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$60 per acre.

No. 69-150 acres, small house and river bottom land, plenty of timber and fine tobacco land. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 70-144 acres, good dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, 50 acres of fine bottom land, well fenced, plenty of upland for tobacco, some timber. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 73-180 acres, 4 room dwelling, in good repair, small stock barn, well watered, plenty of grass, good fence, plenty of tobacco land, on good pike, 6 miles from Springfield, 7 miles from Lebanon. Price \$33 per acre.

No. 74-125 acres, 4 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 1 mile from school and close to church, good 6 room dwelling, fine stock barn, plenty of water, plenty of locusts, fine orchard, good fence. Price \$25 per acre.

No. 75-277 acres, 1 mile from Springfield, on pike, 15 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, small house, plenty of grass and water. Price \$15.00.

No. 81-160 acres, 5 miles from Lebanon 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 9 room dwelling, in good repair, good tenant house, 3 stock barns, plenty of grass, all necessary out buildings, well watered and under good fence. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 83-167 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from good road, 3 room dwelling, in good repair, 4 acre tobacco barn, 75 acres of good grass, 35 acres of good tobacco land, good fence and plenty of water. Price \$20.00.

No. 86-90 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good road, 6 room dwelling, in good repair, 5 acre tobacco barn, new stock barn, buggy house, 2 good wells, good spring, plenty of water. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 90-270 acres, 9 room brick dwelling, in good repair, all of farm well fenced, 2 good tobacco barns, 50 acres of first bottom, rest second bottom, one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass, all the farm ready for the plow. Close to school and church. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 92-130 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 1 mile from school and church, in Pleasant Grove neighborhood, 8 room dwelling, 16 acre tobacco barn, 2 good stock barns, fine young orchard, tenant house, all of farm under good fence. Price \$70 per acre.

No. 94-House and lot in Fenwick, cheap.

No. 96-136 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 6 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, all the farm under good fence, good tobacco land, well watered, plenty of grass. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 100-132 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 5 room dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, good stable and meat house, milk house, fine orchard of 100 trees. Close to school, church and depot. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 62-150 acres, 8 room dwelling, 4 acre tobacco barn, good stock barn, some timber, all in grass, well watered, plenty of fruit, 1 mile from church, 1 mile from school. Price \$45 per acre.

A NICE BIT OF ... NECROMANCY.

(Original.)

The first prestidigitator to attract wide attention in America was Signor Blitz half a century ago. Blitz was giving exhibitions all over the United States and since his death he has been then by no means as common as today all heard of him if all did not see him. After having exhibited everywhere in the eastern states he decided to go overland to California. Loading his contrivances in a couple of "prairie schooners," as the plains wagons were called, he set out from the Missouri river to cross the Rocky mountains.

One day the little caravan came upon a man who was crazed with distress. He had been traveling with his wife and two children in a single wagon. For some reason he had left them for a few hours and when he returned found his wagon plundered of its contents, his stock run off and his wife and children missing. He knew they had been carried away by the redskins.

The next day Indians were seen at a distance. Blitz told the man, whose name was Rodman, to ride out and tell them a great medicine man traveling across the country would like to give them a display of his powers. Of course to go to the Indians was the next thing to going to certain death, but Rodman was in hopes that Blitz might help him to regain his family and took the chances. He learned while among the savages that they held his wife and children captives, though the savages did not know they belonged to him. The marvelous way always interest the superstitious, and the Indians sent Rodman back to invite Blitz to their camp.

Blitz improvised a stage with the necessary appointments, and the redskins knotted before it an interpreter stood ready to repeat the sorcerer's words in their own language. Blitz took a small iron cube with a ring for a handle and lifted it with his little finger. Then he said that he possessed the power of depriving a man of his strength and invited any savage to come up on to the stage and submit himself to this test. The chief himself, the biggest and strongest Indian present, stepped up, evidently confident that no man could take away what he was so proud of. Blitz asked him to lift the iron weight. He did so, giving a grunt as much as to say: "Do you make sport of me? Give me something heavy to lift." He set the weight down. Blitz made a few passes along his arm and told him to lift again. This time the Indian failed to move it. He struggled desperately, all the blood in his body getting into his face, but to no purpose. The weight was immovable. Then he turned away muttering and did not stop till he had got behind the awe-stricken Indians.

The weight was connected by wires with a powerful magnet, the current being turned on or off by a key under Blitz's foot.

Blitz next took up a pistol and invited the chief to come back and kill him with it. The chief, in hopes of redeeming himself before his warriors, returned. Blitz offered him a cup with leaden bullets in it and asked him to take out one and mark it so that he would know it again. The redskin did as he was told. Blitz took the bullet, put it in the pistol, cocked the weapon, handed it to the Indian, stood off at the other end of the stage and told him to fire. The Indian took a sure aim and fired. Blitz put up his hand, caught the bullet in his fingers and tossed it back to the man who had fired it. The chief, astonished, stood mute, but when Blitz told him to look at the mark on it and he saw that it was the bullet he had chosen he was dumfounded.

This is a common trick, the bullet put in the pistol being of clay ground up powder by ramming it down. It is substituted for the leaden one by sleight of hand.

Then Blitz told the chief he could shoot his blood on to a board without hurting him and fired a wax bullet at him filled with his own blood. It broke against the board, spluttering the blood.

By this time Blitz was a wonderful medicine man to the savages and was ready for the business he had come for. An assistant bandaged his eyes, and Blitz told the audience that he saw in one of the tepees a white woman and two children. He ordered them to bring forth their prisoners at once or he would call down fire from the clouds to consume them. The chief called a rowdew of his principal warriors. The white men saw them arguing and getting excited, but could not understand what they said. Some were doubtful of Blitz having this power, while others claimed that a medicine man who could do what he had done could do anything. While they were consulting Blitz discharged electricity, making a brilliant flash. Away scampered the Indians to the tepee where Rodman's wife and children were held prisoners and brought them to Blitz.

Blitz had told Rodman to keep out of the way lest if his family recognized him it might destroy the Indians' faith in his miraculous power. When the terror-stricken woman and her children were brought forward and surrendered to white people their astonishment was as great as the savages' at Blitz's medicine work. Blitz would have frightened the Indians into paying for Rodman's property, but they had no money, and what property they could give was of little value. So the sorcerer decided to get the captives away without delay. He gathered his contrivances, put them in his wagons and drove off, the savages watching him in wonder. It was not till they were out of sight that Rodman was permitted to embrace his family.

F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

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L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:31 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardstown.....	7:30 "	11:30 a. m.	6:06 "
Arrives at Bardstown Junct'n	6:45 "	9:25 "	5:22 "
Leaves Louisville.....	6:00 "	8:20 "	4:30 "
Outgoing Trains.	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44.
Leaves Springfield.....	5:50 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardstown.....	6:57 "	8:00 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardstown Junct'n	7:20 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville.....	8:10 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

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How to Keep Cut Fruit Fresh.

Often a housewife does not wish to use the whole of a fruit or vegetable at once, and in such cases as these the problem arises as to how the fruit can be kept fresh after it has been cut. Often a watermelon, pineapple or cucumber is too large for one meal, and one wishes to know how to keep the remainder fresh. This can be done by cutting the amount you wish to use straight across one end without first peeling it and then standing the remainder of the fruit flat down on a china plate or enameled dish of sufficient size that no air can penetrate between the dish and the fruit. The fruit should be stored on the cut end. Never use a tin dish for standing it on.

How to Keep Food at Its Best.

Green vegetables should be put in the icebox as soon as they are delivered. Salad greens should be thrown into water or wrapped in a damp cloth and then in newspaper and left in the air if they are not to be used immediately. Proper receptacles of glass or tin should be provided for the cereals, and they should be emptied where they belong at once and closely covered to prevent insects getting in them. Coffee should go at once into an air tight canister or it will lose its aroma. Salt, soap and cheese should be kept in a dry place, and olive oil should be kept cool.

How to Make Linoleum.

A good, strong linoleum may be made from old Brussels carpet that has not been worn through. Tack the carpet right side down on the floor and then apply paint, giving it a large number of coats, the last few coats to be of the desired color, allowing each coat

to dry well. If the paint begins to wear apply a fresh coat of paint. The effect of mosaic tile may be produced by dotting the last coat with different colors of paint.

How to Bake Fruit Pies.

Every cook knows how annoying it is to have the juice from pies boil over, leaving the pie with but half the original juice. This can be prevented by taking a strip of clean muslin an inch or so wide and wetting it well with cold water. Lay this around the edge of the pie and then bake. The juice will not boil over if this is done, and the pie will be vastly improved.

How to Cure a Boil.

Melt 5 cents' worth of beeswax. Into this stir one tablespoonful of sugar and as much laundry soap as beeswax. Add one tablespoonful of cold, sweet cream. Spread on cloth, apply to boil and put on fresh every morning until the core is drawn out.

Marked For Death.

Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery. "I says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bae, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Hayden & Robertson's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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OLD SANTA CLAUS has come and unloaded his big toy wagon at my door, and I have lots of pretty things for the boys and girls, for old and young. I have the right things at the right prices. I bought them cheap and bought them to sell at once, not to keep over another year. Come early and see the
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PISTOLS, FIREWORKS, SPARKLETS, ALL KINDS OF
DOLLS, VASES, FRUITS, CANDIES AND NUTS.**

Come early and take your time and you
will fill your baskets.

P. J. THOMAS.

The Orton Enigma.

By
HOWARD FIELDING.

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A CERTAIN man of fabulous wealth invites me to his house, sometimes when he has just bought a picture or has had one offered to him. His mansion contains treasures inestimable. I always enter it with awe, a large part of which proceeds from the man and not from the treasures.

Upon the occasion of a recent visit at his request he showed me five small landscapes, all by the same hand and clearly the work of a beginner. Sex and race were strongly declared, as they should be in art to insure steadiness of viewpoint. This work was unwaveringly feminine and thoroughly bred Celtic.

"The lady seems very young," said I, "and she has the trace to learn. But she has the gift. What's this signature? M. A. Donovan? It's not very legible."

"It's Donovan," said he. "Her name is Marcia Donovan, and she's pretty enough to knock you down. I'll tell you the story of the pictures."

He took an envelope from the drawer of a desk and handed it to me, indicating by a gesture that I was to read the inclosed letter. This was written upon a sheet which I rightly judged to be the flyleaf torn from a book—written, with a pencil, apparently by a demented Chaucer. The idea of reading it made me laugh.

"What language is this in?" said I. And at the moment I solved the puzzle of the signature. I hardly know how. It was "Philip Orton."

Philip Orton is a lawyer and strategist, with a high seat in the councils of the elect, but as yet imperfectly known to the public. His relations with my host are extremely close. And, by the way, I dare not speak of my host by his name. Let me call him Mr. H.

Mr. H., then, proceeded to inform me that there was only one person living who could be depended upon to read Philip Orton's script, a young man named David Barrett, formerly in Mr. Orton's employ in a very confidential capacity. Mr. Barrett, I was assured, was one of the few strictly reliable and honest men in the world.

In the course of maneuvers which it is needless to describe Barrett made a sale of some securities for Orton, and he understood that he was entitled to a commission amounting to about \$10,000. Orton declined to pay it.

Barrett had moved heaven and earth and a corner of the other place to



"THEY WILL COST \$10,500," SAID SHE.

make this deal, for he saw a fortune in the \$10,000. It would give him a chance to buy a partnership in an enterprise that two other young men, friends of his, were launching with excellent prospects.

A lifetime might not bring Barrett such an opportunity again, and he was furious with Orton for the egregious breach of faith of which he had been guilty. Both the men have a certain Yankee boldness of blood, with a touch of old fashioned courtesy and precision. The interview between them when Barrett made his final demand was a model for temperance of language veiling red hot animosity. For Orton was amazed clear through by the discovery that Barrett had intended to resign his position if he got the \$10,000. He did not get it, but he resigned anyhow. "Right in the middle of the panic," said my friend, Mr. H., "and without a cent in his hand to draw to," for it seems that he had lost a memorandum which was the sole evidence of Orton's agreement with him, and he believed that Orton had stolen it.

Three or four days later when Barrett was downtown about the lunch hour he met one of Orton's clerks, apparently by accident. The fact was

however, that this clerk and several others, including some from Mr. H.'s office, had been hunting Barrett strenuously for three hours, with orders to meet him "accidentally" if possible.

"Of course I don't know what was the row between you and Mr. Orton," said the clerk, "but I'll give you a straight tip. You can get your job back if you work it right. Go and have a talk with Long Bob."

"Long Bob" was Robert Long, a sort of manager for Orton. Barrett declined to go to see him and could not be moved by mysterious hints of benefits that might follow. He disengaged himself from the clerk (who immediately ran hot foot to Orton's office) and went into a restaurant to eat his luncheon. Presently who should stroll in but Long Bob himself, and he took a seat at Barrett's table, with many expressions of friendly regard.

He ordered something to eat, conversing meanwhile upon random topics. But by and by he began to chuckle, apparently at the memory of something amusing.

"I was thinking of Mr. Orton's hand," said he. "His writing certainly is the limit. I got hold of a piece of it this morning that I'll bet ever you couldn't read."

And he pulled an envelope out of his pocket.

"Long Bob," said Barrett, "I wasn't born yesterday. You learned that I was here, and you came over to get me to read that thing. I don't know why, but I don't care. I won't read it. Put it away."

"You're a clever fellow," returned Long Bob, "and you're a business man; that's what you are. And I'll make you a business proposition. I'll pay you \$50 if you'll read this note for me."

"I won't touch any of Phil Orton's money," said Barrett; "not with a ten foot pole."

He arose from the table, paid his check, and walked out of the restaurant straight into the arms of one of Mr. H.'s clerks.

"Oh, hello; hello, Barrett," said the clerk. "Glad to see you. Mr. H. was asking me if I knew your address. Guess he wants to throw something in your way. Better go around."

"It's about a piece of Phil Orton's writing, isn't it?" asked Barrett.

"I don't know what it is," answered the fellow, but his face betrayed him. "Mr. H., with my compliments," said Barrett, "that I will have nothing to do with Mr. Orton's affairs."

Now, the truth about the piece of writing is that Mr. H. had received it that morning by mail. On the previous afternoon Orton had left the city—one of those sudden and mysterious journeys which cut an important figure in his scheme of operations. While driving to the ferry in a cab he had thought of something which he wished to communicate to Mr. H., and as there was not time to telephone he wrote upon the flyleaf torn from a book and in the semidarkness of the jolting cab. He wrote the address in a sort of half print which he uses for such purposes, so he mislaid gave no trouble to the postman, but it threw Mr. H. into a cold perspiration.

Of course there are experts in penmanship, and they are very honest gentlemen, as Mr. H. was careful to admit in touching upon the point with me, but he did not know any of them as he knew David Barrett. The value of the information in the note might be colossal, especially in the hands of enemies, but Barrett could be trusted with it.

What the clerks failed there was nothing to do but go straight at the mark and pay Barrett's figure if it should prove to be within reason. All efforts to get into communication with Orton had failed. Nobody knew where he was. Nobody could make even an intelligent guess at the message.

At Barrett's bachelor quarters Mr. H. was informed that the young man was not at home. Whereupon the sum of \$1 changed hands, and Mr. H. was advised to seek the studio of Miss Marcia Donovan. He heeded this advice and found Barrett, who had just finished telling the story to Marcia and was about to be sent out by her upon some errand to a neighboring art store. The two men met therefore, as it were, upon the threshold, and each read the other's eye. Barrett knew that Mr. H. had come to offer him money, probably several hundred dollars, if he would read that letter. Mr. H. knew that Barrett would refuse.

Mr. H. summoned up all his tact and cleverly elicited the information that Barrett was upon an errand for Miss Donovan. Not for the world would Mr. H. interrupt him or delay the service to the lady. If Miss Donovan would kindly permit him to wait he could have the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with her work. He was a humble admirer of the art peculiar to him and the trifling collection at his home, to which he made occasional additions.

Meanwhile Marcia was nearly fainting with Mr. H.'s card in her hand. Suppose, oh, just suppose in a wild dream that this man should take an interest in her work!

As Mr. H. had waved business aside and was now scrutinizing a picture with the air of a true connoisseur, there was nothing for Barrett to do but demand that Barrett should read the letter to the lady. Mr. H. turned from the picture to Marcia.

"You know what I want Mr. Barrett to do," he said.

"Yes," she replied, "but he won't do it."

"You can persuade him. Now, look here, my child, you're an artist, a real one, and poor as a church mouse, I suppose. Very well, I propose to buy five pictures from you. My choice, you understand. What will they cost?"

"You mean," gasped Marcia, "if I persuade Mr. Barrett?"

"Yes."

Marcia knew what Barrett would think of this proposition. He would utterly condemn it. She felt as if she were selling him out behind his back. Not for her own sake, not for fame and fortune, would she do this, because she loved him. But how about his own interests? Here was a chance for him to make money, perhaps even to get his \$10,000, but she knew him. He was as stiff-necked as a bronze statue. Having decided to refuse Mr. H.'s bribe, no sun on earth could buy him. He must be made to see the matter in another light.

"They will cost \$10,500," said she. Mr. H. opened his eyes wide.

"Great goodness!" he cried. "Why are they worth that?"

She laughed nervously.

"They must be," he said. "Nobody will buy them for less."

This novel method of fixing a price appealed to Mr. H.'s sense of humor, and he laughed long and loud.

"Listen," said she, pale to the lips. "The \$500 is for me. I must have something to show. The \$10,000 is for him, but he must never know where it



HIS BIG BODY SHOOK WITH INTERNAL LAUGHTER.

comes from. You must give me your word that never, under any possible provocation, will you betray this bargain. You will pay me that money—the \$500 separate—and you will never by word or deed let Mr. Barrett know."

"All right," said Mr. H. "I will meet your terms."

"And you promise never, never to disclose this secret no matter what happens?"

"My word and honor," he replied.

When Barrett returned, Mr. H. was no longer a financier; he was a gentle person of the arts.

"Upon my soul," he cried, "Miss Donovan's work amazes me. She is worthy of liberal encouragement. She has a great future. He turned to Marcia, at the same time indicating pictures with a pointing finger. "I think I'll take this one and that one!"

And he proceeded to discuss the canvases with great delicacy and appreciation until Barrett could have clasped him to his bosom. Not a word meanwhile was said of Orton's note, but Barrett's sense of gratitude was working hard within him. The issue could not be in doubt.

"As a personal favor to you, sir," he said, "when the matter had at last been cleverly introduced, 'I will read that note if I can. But it must be distinctly understood that Miss Donovan has nothing to do with this transaction.'"

"I certainly do," said Marcia.

For the next half hour Mr. H. and Marcia were busy with the pictures, while Barrett wrestled with the Orton enigma, of which he finally presented a written translation to Mr. H. who read as follows:

Dear H.—I am off for Washington, strictly on the quiet. If necessary, communicate with me through Hubbard. Meanwhile I want you to be sure to settle Dave Barrett's claim against me. Don't let him sue. The matter must not be made public. He does not know why, but it must not at this time. I've just been informed that he intends to sue immediately. His claim is \$10,000. Make him take less if you can; if not, pay in full. See that his silence is secured, and at once. I'll be back Friday.

PHILIP ORTON.

Mr. H. read this, and his big body shook with internal laughter. It was the sort of joke that he could appreciate. He had agreed to pay the \$10,000 of Barrett's claim to Marcia for the privilege of finding out that he would have to pay it over again to Barrett upon Orton's account. He was pledged to Marcia not to tell Barrett, and he was pledged to Barrett not to disclose the contents of the note to Marcia. And in a matter of this kind Mr. H. is a man of his word.

The five pictures were sent to his house, and Marcia had a check for \$500, which she displayed to Barrett, and another for \$10,000, which she kept to herself. It had been her intention to take this money to Orton and persuade him to make a pretended settlement with Barrett, whereupon the young man could buy his partnership and all would be lovely, with the wedding bells tinkling.

What was her amazement, therefore, when upon Thursday afternoon Barrett appeared in her studio flushed with triumph. The Orton claim had been settled in full. The partnership had been purchased. The shackles of poverty being broken, he hastened to put on those of matrimony. Would Marcia marry the day?

In the natural confusion of the interview the facts of the case came out. It was agreed that the \$10,000 must be returned to Mr. H. But Mr. H. would not take it. He believed that it should be regarded as a wedding gift and that his heartiest congratulations and best wishes went with it.

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